

Shoppinghour
issue 04
April 2009

HEY
KID!



Readers,

Something close to my heart, and I hope yours too. Akin to a childhood memory; the innocence we could/should have shared as best-buddies-for-life, 1980s style: Stand by Me, The Goonies, Big... Them Hollywood buddy flicks really spoke it best. Please, don't start with your (f [ine]) art house intellectual jabberings. As a child, I recall an urge to kiss my friends. The creative urge of ever-flowing nature in its purest form, expressed in that simple urge: the will to feel closer to one's buddies. I owe you a smooch, then.

A few months ago I was on a bus with Shoppinghour co-editor and dear friend Yasushi. It was after midnight. It was cold, it was Christmas, and it was rough. Peckham ain't exactly the centre of jolly-good Rudolphian symphonies. There's a hard truth to be faced, much like spoilt snow by the pavement covered in icing and oodles of melted chocolate cream porn, with a tinge of grit salt for safety's sake. A troubling concoction, no doubt, that will direct you to consider unimaginable perspectives, guaranteed, money back an' all.

Yasushi's one of the few friends who I've been able to share that childhood type of friendship with. Truly, what a hilariously profound man, with a spirit so vivacious, it often, unsurprisingly, intimidates people. So, a few stops before our destination, a mother with her child enter the bus. I'm not sure where exactly they're from, and to be honest, I don't think it matters (cultural studies this ain't). The kid is exhausted and whiny, yet quiet, he just leans on his mum, trying to sleep but unable to because of the bus' swaying movements. What were they doing on a bus so desperately late at night? The kid's eyes were drunk with sleep, almost teary, ready to take that last dive into dream euphoria. A melancholy overtakes me, I look at Yasushi, and then at the kid again. Somehow, I feel that they are the same person, reunited. Somehow, a sense of love and compassion momentarily fill me.

We can often be overheard talking about the *post-symbolic sentimental*. This sounds like an intricate philosophical theory, but really, it's very simple, perhaps too simple. Most of it can be deduced from the previous paragraph. The 'nihilism' of Postmodernism, as we understand it, has worked towards the deconstruction of many carefully crafted symbols that Modernism, with its strong ties to the scientific revolution, has imposed and conserved as 'true' for generations. Sentimentality, under such Modernist frameworks, is a vile animal instinct that is weak and useless. We disagree. Yasushi's piece "Infant Teleportation" refers to that nihilist moment that spawned the postmodern era. The post-symbolic sentimental is a healing from such nihilisms, a continuation that assumes a world where such symbols cease to dominate us; an era where they are carefully recognised for what they are, just symbols, respected and appreciated, but not obliterated. The infant is teleported beyond the temporal divide, retaining a meaningful engagement with the symbolic and in so doing realising its sentimentality. We are reintroduced to our sentiments, our humanity, but this time through ourselves; that capacity with which any one person can feel any other as someone like themselves. The infant within us all. The kid on the bus. The person next to you: wherever you are, whoever it is, someone that can, potentially, be loved. We believe in the maturity of the sentiments, receptivity to the passions, and the responsibility to handle them sensibly, without taking the easy route of either censoring or suppressing. The ideal condition of man being one in which he has no fear of his feelings, however vast and powerful they may be, because of his confidence in their vitality and richness.

Sentimentality is what drives us to work on Shoppinghour. We get to meet so many lovely people through it. Really, that's mainly why we do it. We want everyone who has ideas, passion and humanity to work with us. Artists, philosophers, musicians, mathematicians, scientists, factory workers, students, clerks, lawyers, everyone is welcomed. We want all perspectives because, ultimately, profound moral disagreements reside not in a difference of truths and beliefs, but in a difference in perspective.

In the current issue you'll find perspectives on youth and childhood coming from all kinds of individuals from many parts of the world. And we plan to continue our efforts with Shoppinghour for as long as we can. As you can see, we have no ads or sponsors supporting us. Our team is still too small but hugely ambitious. We distribute no less than 1000 copies per issue, all over London, including the ICA, most art colleges, quite a few 'artsy' bars and pubs, and in many different parts of the world, including Oslo, New York, Nicosia and Tokyo through our contributors. We also organise evenings of eclectically selected films, video art and performances at the Candid Arts Centre, the so called Evenings of Delight.

Perhaps, if you're interested, you can work with us. Perhaps we can put together a larger team, and create something bigger out of Shoppinghour. If you believe in us then we'll believe in you.

Much love,

Peter Eramian
Team Shoppinghour



The Contributors

Anna Micinska is finishing a BA in Fine Art and Art History at Goldsmiths College. She keeps getting away from reality by means of cinema. And then she is making films about how it was over there.

Antonis Balasopoulos teaches at the University of Cyprus. He has taught at the University of California, Santa Cruz and been a research fellow at Princeton University and an Institute Faculty at Dartmouth College. His research interests include utopian literature, geography and the production of space, colonialism and postcoloniality, and visual culture, and his most recent work has turned increasingly toward the question of political theory and philosophy. He also writes creatively on occasion. (<http://radicaldesire.blogspot.com>)

Brixton Kent dropped out of school after the 9th grade to pursue financial and social destitution, at which she found great success. Sole contributor to Uncalled For, an online database of personal failure and abjection disguised as prose and poetry-- Entertainment Weekly calls it "An ongoing suicide note for the ages!"-- Brixton somehow also manages to convince others to ride bicycles and/or read fat, old books. Along with her 8-at-a-time Netflix subscription, favouring Hollywood's Golden Era, Brixton is currently sheep farming in the Falklands. (gunsofbrixton.wordpress.com)

Chris Boyd's work covers a broad spectrum of the visual arts that display preoccupations with the complex interrelationships with technology and the multiple dimensions of the existential self. His multilayered art combines passionate explorations of colour and expressionism, which are both inspiring and frightening in their intensity. Boyd's unique moving image work combines exquisite painterly outpourings with hallucinatory animation and live action. (www.qboyd.com)

Joe Coppard, one third of the Pat And Trevor curatorial collective. Along with lifelong partner Jimmy and the afro glue that is Jack, P&T have graced the Whitechapel Gallery, ICA and Tate with their megalomaniacal love juices and have made a legend out of the Sassoon Gallery in Peckham, to be heard monthly on South City Radio. Currently teaching at the LCC giving back what they've worked hard for. (www.patandtrevor.com)

John Lindquist is currently having a new brother. his name is borris. (www.john-lindquist.com)

Jørn Sørcrates was børn in Jørsey. He enjoys and lives where
He has one brother from another mother.

Leigh Anthony DEHANEY has recently sold and given away almost 40 years worth of "air conditioned western materialism" and has since relocated to Žižkov, Prague in the Czech Republic. Now living out of a suitcase and through his last camera Dehaney says "Better living through living, and simplify." His three most recent personal projects include "Dystopia", "Chronos" and "1984+1/2" all of which explore the ideas of futuristic artifacts, communication, and grey moments in time. (www.tenement.cz) (www.dravenfield.cz)

Lui Nemeth, a student of fine art at Central St.Martins, her body language is obscure yet hilarious. Her main tools are the paint brush and the mouse. She also draws her endless stream of daydreams and takes photos for Tokyo-based Street Magazine on her off days. (web.me.com/lnemeth/)

Luisa Mota graduated with a BA in Fine Art from Goldsmiths in 2007. She is interested in many things, most of which cannot be translated into formal language.

Luke W Moody, a student of anthropology and media at Goldsmiths, washed up from disillusioned fine art studies and travels. Further washing needed.

Mariko Bangerter loves love and hates hate. She is a chocolatier currently residing in London.

Peter Eramian, editor/designer of **shoppinghour**, is currently studying for an MA in philosophy, noone knows why. BA in fine art and history of art at Goldsmiths - loved it. Enjoys combining the hilarious with the austere, the new with the old, the grand with the unnoticeable. (www.petereramian.com)

Philip Philippou, fascinated with how the world can be put into words and how words can be put into the world. It's only an "I" (λάμδα/lamda) that differentiates the two and I wonder whether they can be differentiated at all. With how each one of us weaves small, strikingly subtle networks of memories that connect one thing to another, often with supernatural clarity. With Hayao Miyazaki and the things he stirs inside of me. This might be me.

Reine Yuki provided the artwork for "Paper and a pen, son". Now 17, he is currently working on a new visual kei music project, Ciel~L'eternal. He wants everyone to know he finds the artwork published when he was younger to be quite amateur and has since improved. His music can be heard at (www.myspace.com/etoileband).

Suzie Saw has a tendency to see patterns everywhere, which can get a bit much sometimes, but never tires of: music, written words, maps, the sky, good films, going fast, that moment of comprehension, crossing the Thames, being out at night, William Gibson, or ee cummings. She is currently investigating: Imagism, the space between data, how to listen, positive futurism, the crispy interior of her left nostril and antonyms for cynicism.

Terra Marighella is a student and organ donor. He is of Italian and Colombian descent and invokes the spirit of José de Acosta in much of his recent writings on literature. He has organized multiple expeditions through the Southern Himalayas with the time-and-space based art project, Ultra + Secure.

Wirrow likes: flickering lights, hand surfing out of car windows, drawing games, imperfect singing voices, writing tiny stories and messaging them to random phone numbers, old wallpaper patterns, creating mythological worlds within existing boring environments, rosy cheeks, smell of old books, hiding trinkets for people to find, swapping things, making lists. (www.wirrow.com)

Yasushi Xavier Tanaka, editor of *shoppinghour*, student of sociology at Goldsmiths. And happy.

A special thanks to **Tarka** and **Oscar** for their exquisite drawings.

Please feel free to contact us if you're interested in getting in touch with any of the contributors.





Originally entitled 'Girl with a vacant look' the child was later identified to be a boy. From the aftermath of the war that found itself in Okinawa, Japan.

'That day,
the day that the city turned to darkness like a moonless night, in a flash.
As if to bring light to that darkness,
the emerging hand of fire from destroyed houses everywhere,
the moaning voice of a child wandering,
suffering from the burns that have made its face balloon-like, spasming.
An elderly, feebly drifting, its skin falling off like that of a soft potato,
chanting for the strength of the universe to be bestowed upon her.
A man, holding his blood dripping forehead with his two hands,
howling the name of his wife and child like a madman.
Oh, just to remember, the horror.
This is the face of war.'

And the translation is internalized. No such thing exists, Derrida contends. As I maneuver the words, I slowly fall into the psyche of a mutated child – the mutilated mind of an infant. The radiation mutates him. The words of a mutant child. The greatest mutation of all, that of adulthood. One flash is all it took for a mere child to be capacitated with the sentiments of a geriatric body, ready to be put down, once again, like an infant elephant. Carefully selecting the words to replace the pictorialities of an Orientalist language, thought to exist ever so far away, my attempt is both Kantian and Hegelian as I try to unify presence and non-presence, never absence. It is always present. The idle mind is precisely the hacker's core motive. This is a child in the fifth grade writing. Watching his streets fall to ashes. The ostensible character of the philosopher's *raison d'être*, let us blotch morality, here we have a body without organs indeed, spasming, the post-modern begins, first, with a collapse of all ideals, death, the Holocaust, the human Holocaust, look closely into your arm, you'll find a number, a modernist inscription, the trauma of a decadent past, darkly. Is it adulthood that brings about such visions or such visions that bring about adulthood, that is the question. The maturity of the social embodiment that stands above all in the name of protecting the society. Where the woman's responsibility is to give life and the man's to enforce death. The sovereign paradox is also that which exists between the adult and the child. He who protects versus she who is protected. The bio-political juxtaposition is almost as corrupt as the religio-political one. One must ask what the holy trinity of the modern and thereby the post-modern is. The father, the son, and the holy spirit, they used to say. In fact nothing has changed. The holy trinity of the current world is that of death, birth, and society. The father is replaced by death via the *ius necandi*, the Roman father's right to kill his own children. The male chauvinist society enforces that the social embodiment must be protected through fertile proliferation. The woman thereby becomes a tool or technology of the biopolitical state. The son who kills the father in order to attain the status of *paterfamilias* is in fact found as the core Oedipal complex – the father knows best. All in the name of the holy spirit, the Durkheimian organism, the transcendental body. In the postmodern *Geist* the three are united. Death, birth, and society all mean the same thing. The sovereign paradox sees to its own death. The protection of society (holy spirit) brings about a confrontation between life and death. In the least of Heideggerian ways (his silence was his admission to guilt above all) life and death are confronted for the first time. The Holocaust was the most deadly and the most lively, simultaneously, and thus the birth of the postmodern fragmentation. The caesura that we must talk of is the one brought about by the confusion between the signification that belongs to life and death. The Nazis eventually pointed their guns on themselves. The unification of the holy trinity of today indicates a secularization of the most chauvinistic of moral triads. Morality removed from the religious veneer now reveals itself as the hungry beast that tore this child's life into a thousand psychedelically repeating plateaus and a million pieces of China porcelain never to be retrieved. The modern is gone, all the brilliant fascisms and gleeful propagandisms have now been exposed. And there sits a boy staring into the dark lens of a voyeurist paedophilia that enjoys watching the infected infant – real bright red, pus green, cut up, and tearful.

As I translated the passage, I felt my spine gradually lose its fundamental confidence. The translation is not from one to another, but from the external to the internal. The very separation of the one and the other is what kills the compassion – the antidote that Arendt saw to the Holocaust. History manages to divide cultural identities far more often than unifying human existence. That is not to negate the universalizing capacity of history. Indeed, here I talk about a sentimental universalization. Where the human can realize that history is not for acquiring cultural identities that divide but rather a device that shall enable the formation of a human culture. That which is beyond history and culture. Compassion. On the one hand history must be read beyond its context that often distracts one from engaging with it sentimentally. The kid could have been from anywhere, from any time and place – Kant. But on the other hand we must engage with the very particular context – Hegel. Not to draw the Orientalist other out but rather to put ourselves in the position of that character that could have easily been me. Distance versus proximity – here lies sentimentality – transcendence and teleportation.

The flash was a mistimed teleportation into heinous adulthood.

"The sixty select men chosen from among the nobles, whom they used as overseers and principal counsellors for life in matters of greatest concern, they called Amnemones (as a man may suppose) because they were not accountable to any for what they did, or verily (in my opinion) rather because they were men carrying much business in their memories."

Plutarch, The Morals

Accursed share:

A skein of questions, the stony
Enigmas that Greek bitch,
Your mother, secretly tucked in your shirt
When she hugged you goodbye.

You went away. Incest is after all
Prohibited. Foreign women with dun hair
Enticed you. But hunger makes uncautious.
Oblivion is a fruit plucked cold
From a refrigerator
Which, bitten with your dragon's teeth
Releases on the tongue memory's bitter seed.

And so, on the fridge
Magnetic letters spell Plutarch,
And he, a sanctimonious, incontinent old crony
Has come to ask you-with what right?
To remember amnemones.

Hidden in his dirty beard,
Your mother undoes you with bedtime riddles:
What is this animal
Which, when born, crawls on all fours
Then walks on two, and finally on three?

Ma ma ma
You stumble on that first syllable.
Something is missing.
You know that as well as they.
But they forgot, or pretended to-no one remembered
Well enough to let old Plutarch know.

Perhaps, he says, to those who knew so much
Answering was forbidden
Lest they turn in terror from themselves,
Leaving all power orphaned.

Perhaps it's utter mindfulness,
True care for things, which orders
A mind oblivious to all else
Distracted like a child's.



where do I begin?
 where do I end?
 how can I chart the margins
 of this strange translucent body
 with which I have been left stuck
 for God knows how many years,
 and decades, and centuries, and millenia,
 a newfound hairless map that branches out
 into streams of blood, some as broad
 as an ocean that stretches
 its long neck on a summer morning,
 some as narrow as a river
 that spits out its last ripples
 like a man that died, dies, and will die indefinitely
 on the mattress of a sad deathbed,

that branch out like a young tree
 that struggles to drive its roots
 deeper into the ground
 in order to make amends
 with its existence,

the names of the places on this map,
 names almost unreadable,
 incomprehensible, fading away with the speed
 that a fly lives its week of a life,
 names one cannot come to terms with:
 X marks the spot, and this is I,
 I, that breathes with the diligence
 of a beehive,

but my eyes blink, and in that moment
 of forgettable triviality
 darkness burrows in my head,
 it cuddles there like a trembling sparrow,
 and all of a sudden the body that just moments
 ago was marveled at disappears completely
 without uttering a goodbye,
 a will shall meet again, somewhere,

behold! my eyes blink again, and now darkness gives way
 to two hands on whose ends flutter ten anxious I's:

one for these mad eyes of mine that ache
 for the complete surrender of everything
 to their majestic omnipotence,

one for my ears, deaf unless
 a whisper decides otherwise,

one for my blind nose
 that gapes like a drunkard,
 entirely at the mercy of its nostrils,
 they, too, acheing to consume
 all the travelling smells
 of this world haloed
 with wild roses, cassia, galingale,
 phlegmatic fumes and all the vapours of poison
 spat by tongues made of metal,

one for my breastfed mouth,
 the patron of eat,
 a makeshift black hole that feasts on air
 for the sake of my lungs,
 those helpless sponges of flesh,

one for my longing heart,
 for whom my eyes have shed
 their firstborn tears,

one for my hands, dexterous
 as thunder, precise as scissors
 in the wise palms of an ageing seamstress,

one for my naive legs, if only they knew
 the alleyways they will tramp like peniless nomads,
 if only they knew the paths they will decide to tame,
 only to deny them after the first step is taken,

one for my curious penis,
 not yet initiated into the ways of women,

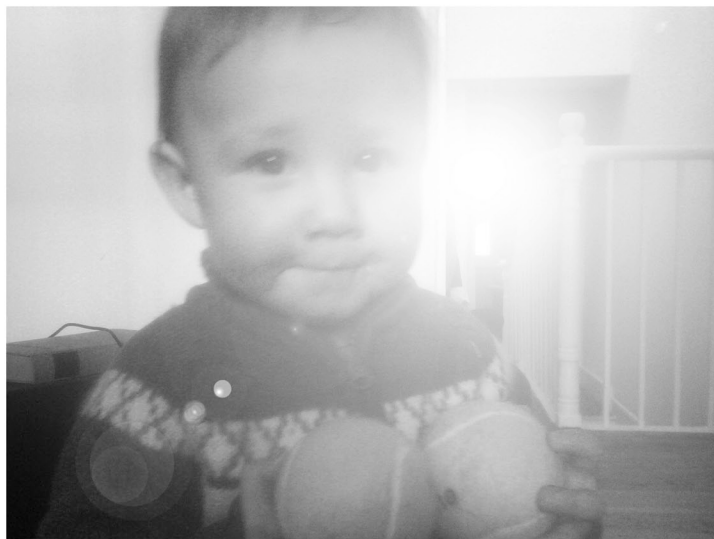
one for my brain, aloof, silent as the sky, just as roofless,
 embroidered with thoughts
 that will never feel the light of day,
 my companion, for whom my hatred
 begins with my love for it,

one for this empty spirit,
 as gaunt as my body,
 this body, that poses all the paradoxes
 before itself.

From one generation to another, passed through the bosom of a mother never to age. One day you are kissing her and you notice a taste that is uncannily familiar, indeed, the rich taste of a hormonal residue that brought you to life. The innocence of the suckling is present inasmuch as you are aged and infantile. It is in fact, not, the penis but the bosom that we have an obsession for. It was so familiar when he fell in love and he remembered his mother, withering away, into a photographic booklet, time immemorial. The banter we have exchanged, all the clandestine loneliness, all the pain that they have incurred. I thought she was the one, ya know? We seem to be caught between that space between the geriatric warmth and the childish giddiness. The little one is yet to find out, the elder man with the wise smile already knows. And where do we lie, as we shall continue to hurt, continue to smile, where the bosom faces us.

A note from Yasushi to John.





Even though the urban guerrilla child may rigorously follow all the security regulations, he can still make mistakes; no guerrilla is perfect, but one can do one's best to reduce the margin of error. Here are seven failings we must avoid:

Inexperience, which makes one underestimate the enemy's intelligence, or assume some tasks to be 'easy', thus leaving evidence which may be fatal. The same inexperience can also lead to overestimating the forces ranged against one. Then one's assurance, decisiveness and courage will suffer, and one will be too easily discouraged;

Boastfulness, which leads a man to publish his bold deeds to the world;

Over-valuing the urban struggle: those who are wholeheartedly absorbed in the excitement of guerrilla activity in the towns may give too little attention to launching guerrilla fighting into the countryside. They may come to think urban fighting is decisive, and devote all their organizing powers to that. Towns can be strategically encircled, and then we can only evade or break the cordon if there is guerrilla activity in the country as well. Without that we are always open to severe damage from the enemy;

Disproportion between our action and our available logistic infrastructure;

Precipitateness, when we lose patience, become overexcited, and move into action at the risk of heavy losses;

Temerity, which may cause us to attack the enemy just at the moment when he is at his most aggressive;

Improvisation.

TREATMENT FOR AN AGED LUDDITE HORROR

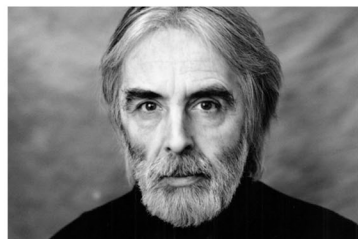
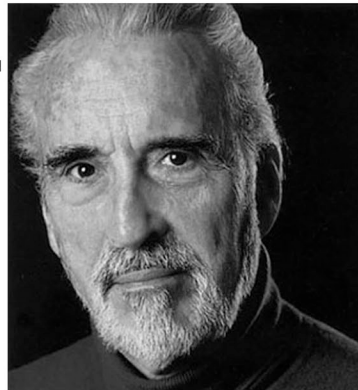
Luke Moody

A receding V above a frowning permanence above black forward eyes above plastic fangs above cheap capes and cracked telephones, smashed televisions, hammers and stakes. Under stake a mechanised heart: technologies of the frivolous, the outline of a fool's trapdoor cut with black gap perimeters visible to all yet we fall to this destruction, we step on the device, we remove its mediatory function. It is now a debris of material haunted by the tuning in, the pushed remote, waves of haunting. The radio is broken but it receives, it receives but it cannot amplify the transmission.

These boys were young. Stalactite drops on an interior somatic landscape, another layer higher and separate within two caves of shadows. On the back wall, what is horror in reflection? A fear of Tanizaki's shadows? The fool's gap surrounding this noumenon mound. A play of light and of course if I am coarse the bump in the night or a bump in the day; the crash of wires, disconnected, discordant plugs and failed projectors.

Or are they just warming up the image?

Where is the image in this innocent stage of 'warming up'? The script in progress bares narrative life and trajectories, separated cubs, schlock and hammer, Michael and Christopher, a genre litter of luddite siblings. Lee evidencing the make-up of our make-up. Haneke directing break-down of our glaciation, our breakdown. The cubs bare teeth of ground horror parody.



The cracked phone rings, one ring? Or a number of sequential calls assuming democratic access? If he doesn't answer the first time my voice has passed its given opportunity, but how far can I extend this technical democracy without losing voice altogether? I guess it depends who has a phone.

"If there's any monkey-business

you'll have to leave.

I'm not having that.

Just come in and lie down.

Little monkey."

She has a very strong attachment to it. Not necessarily the need to do it all the time but the need to know she has access to it and that one of the most important and comforting things in her life is still available.

"It's really really sweet.

Better than anything in the world.

Better than a mango even.

Better than a million melons."

In the mornings when I'm getting dressed, the girls talk to my breasts, they touch them. We've had to set up firm rules about getting dressed in peace. They don't like it when I put a bra on. They think I'm trapping the breasts and they should be free to float about. They very much feel like they own them. That they're theirs. And that'll be because they've had such an intimate and long-term relationship with them.

[When do you think is the right age to stop?]

"Never!"

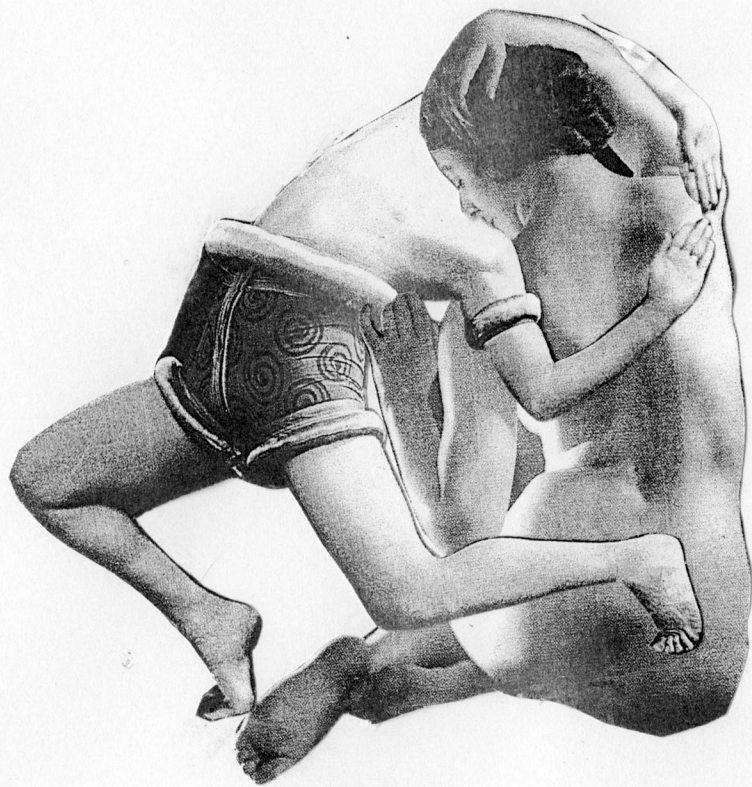
"Never!"

They won't breastfeed forever, it's just that simple. They will not breastfeed when they go to college or get married. It's never happened, it's not going to happen. Once you're out in the big bad world, that's it.

There is no safe haven like being at Mother's breast.



Anna Micińska, Untitled, 2008



Anna Micińska, Untitled, 2008

Beth and I were eleven years old when we learned what "fatal" meant, a word we'd perhaps heard hundreds of times but was too fancy to pursue the meaning of as it related to nothing in our lives. Frannie, whom I had known since I was five years old, the first person I'd met when we moved in to the new house and so immediately the recipient of my best-friendship, called me in the evening. I hadn't spoken to her much in the last couple of years. She was a compulsive liar and went wherever the drama was. Even at eight or ten years old it was clear she was headed in another direction than I. Oh she laughed and laughed as she told me what had happened to another friend of mine, positing herself as the important subject of the story, the one who had *seen it all*. I didn't believe her one bit, and called Beth to relate what a terrible person Frannie was for making up such a horrible story, which turned into a swiftly made 3-way phone call to tell our other friend what a terrible person Frannie was for making up such a horrible story. An after-school grapevine excited by lonely, isolated children. Beth did all the talking:

"Hello?" asked the woman on the third line.

"Is Mike there?" asked Beth. We might have suppressed nervous giggling. We couldn't wait to tell Mike about this outrageous lie.

"I'm sorry, he has been in a *fatal* accident," said his mother.

"Oh... um, is he okay?" Beth asked.

"No," his mother scolded us, "it was a fatal accident."

We still weren't exactly sure what that meant, but we were figuring it out pretty quickly.

"Ok, thank you," Beth said. I think the mother hung up before this.

Mike Luffey came to our school from Egypt when we were in the sixth grade, when we had a very no-nukes, feminist, motorcycle riding teacher who spent the majority of our classroom time sitting behind her desk inciting political discussion about why we shouldn't be afraid of the Russians—cuz they are people too—and why we *should* be afraid of women who wear lots of makeup—cuz in real life red lipstick just makes a mess on someone else's face. I don't think anyone really liked her then, she didn't seem like she was doing her job. All this talking and discussing and being made to answer questions we'd never even overheard amongst the adults in our own households. She arranged our desks facing each other in sets of three or four, so that we'd interact with our classmates and not feel she was any kind of authority figure; there was no "front of the class." Mike was put with Beth and I, we had an empty spot because various shifting around throughout the year had a tendency to put like with like, and there wasn't really anyone like us—wildly smart but not nerds, not tomboys, not girly, not popular, but not outcast, weird, probably immature, imaginations—and so no one really liked us. Mike was the new kid, and I guess he just didn't have the hang-ups other American kids had anyways, so he quickly became good friends with us; a misfit trio, the ugly one, the fat one, the brown one. I was even proud to know him when our teacher asked him to share some of his family's feelings the day after Anwar Sadat had been assassinated. He seemed so grown-up, well-spoken, and worldly. I have no recollection of what he actually said, just the impression he gave of being a really thoughtful, smart, and selfless individual.

At the cafeteria gathering in seventh grade, we sat directly on the floor with the entire school present while some school administrator administered the proper grieving procedure, the X number of minutes' silence. I sat there cross-legged, not really sure what I was supposed to do or think about. The floor was white, the lights were white, it smelled like hamburger buns. While our heads were bowed, the popular girls were whispering, one of them laughed out loud. They never cared. They didn't need to. When the silent period was over, Beth and I shot hatred out of our eyes for their lack of reverence while the administrator asked the school to treat the other boy in the accident kindly when he returned, as he would surely be feeling responsible and ashamed. His name was Jason, every limb was broken and he sustained some serious head injuries. He wasn't really anyone of note at the time, but all the morbid fascination he was shown when he returned some months later turned him into a rather popular fellow. He was driving the moped with Mike on the seat behind him. "And just like *that!* And Mike went *flying* through the air, like, *thirty feet!* I saw the whole thing! There was blood *everywhere!*" Frannie said.

On April 8th when we were in the seventh grade, just a little over a year after having arrived in this country, Mike Luffey was struck and killed by a speeding car in a residential neighbourhood. I've thought of it the moment it turns midnight of the day for twenty five years. I can't quite put together how I can be the age that I am and he is still twelve years old, and that is never going to change. This year, I thought about his mother, remembering the face of her extraordinarily handsome boy with his great smile and all the wonderful things in life that they were supposed to experience. And I wished I could tell his mother we're still thinking about him, and that I'm sorry if our stupid phone call burned into her memory like it did mine due to the flippancy with which it was initiated and the ignorance with which it was executed. We didn't know, Mrs Luffey, we were just kids, even if that is exactly the shame of it.

Here, many woodlice
beneath damp log

Soft fir, not too prickly:
can hide beneath
lowest branches,
on spongey loam
and dry needles

Bay tree: crumble leaves for
pungent smell.

Behind garage. Once, a broken old
boat.

Later, pile of gravel.

Behind the coalbunker, the rain-
water tank where my father
drowned the rats he caught. We'd
watch until the bubbles stopped.

Twenty-foot tall evergreen
"hedge".
Neighbour's
small dog
yaps
through
it.

Tigerlilies. Dead
buried goldfish.

Garden shed. Dad.
Drunk gardener. Rakes.
Don't go in here.

Chicken wire,
Barbed wire, sagging.
Brambles,
nettles,
gap-

view of the downs
You know that the sea
is beyond them.

Excavated pile of clay
overgrown
makes perfect
island for
adventures,
scaling, and
fortification

Mares' Tail grows here.
My father teaches me to call them
"willy plants"

Run here-
where front hedge and large fir
intersect- a hollow, to watch cars go
by, without being seen by them

Fully visible from
parents' bedroom
window, here.
Compulsive best behaviour.

Between blank wall
and fence
Parents' bedroom very close
and distracting

View
of
other
neighbours'
distant
wooden house

Gorse bushes.
My cat
makes
small
bones
snap
audibly
as
he
chews

Chicken
shed.
Stinks.
Rectally warm eggs,
feathers
stuck to them
with chicken shit.

Chicken
pen.
Dusty
scrabbings.
Perpetual hysterical
fear
of
foxes

My (not roadworthy) caravan.
I play here.
Later, boys
will come here. Once,
a little girl
bent over
showed me her bumhole
here. She
was concerned
about
cleanliness



Chris Boyd
"Glaukos"

A LITTLE ABOUT YOUTH? THE MINISTRY OF TRUTH:



Leigh Anthony DEHANEY
"Mini Tru"
48.0"x 27.0"
Giclée on Canvas (2008)

one of six panels and part of the photographic series "1984 + 1/2 " (2008)

To protect his privacy, I don't really write about my son online. I saw this on a profile of his one day while I was at work. I assumed it was something he doctored up from an image he got off the internet. When I got home, I saw he drew it freehand while looking at a picture of Dürer's "Rhinoceros". The simple details, such as the tiny flower in the grass, are just lovely to me.

He is an amazing, brilliant, talented person, really. He is so lucky.

Here is another one he did that day, more typical of his style. He whips these things out in a matter of a few minutes. I wish I

had that kind of confidence when I pick up a pen. Revealing, perhaps, a certain attitude he has toward working life, his adult characters always have a cigarette floating in mid-air near the mouth. I love that. I'm trying to balance total support for sustaining himself with creative pursuits against not having to subsidise his rent the rest of my life. Fretting over this has caused more than a few cigarettes to appear near my own mouth.



The Taoh Ren Clan he did a year ago, when he was 13. Originally showing only the figure in the center, he regrets having later added the other characters, crowding and distracting from Taoh Ren. I agree with that. I just focus on the guy in the foreground. The thing that always

gets me is that he has never drawn people like kids usually do, straight-on from the front, with feet and hands like ancient Egyptian tomb art. I'm fascinated with this one because the angle of the hips and the shoulders in relation to the stance of the legs is right on the mark. I could never get that kind of thing right no

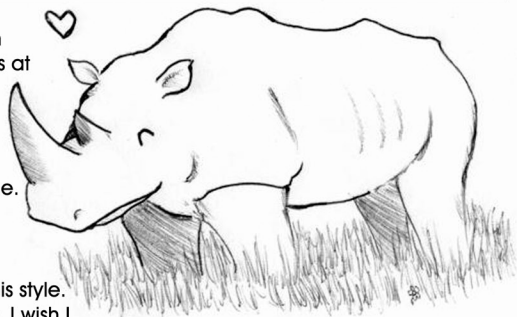
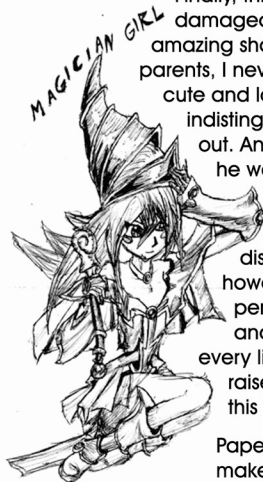
matter how many erasers I went though, but it just comes naturally to him. He doesn't screw around with pencils and erasers, he's totally committal to the marks he makes and only uses pen. That's a kind of bravery, a willingness to produce something, anything, that I've always encouraged in him. I know how hard it can be to struggle with starting something knowing the end result will inevitably not be what one had originally envisioned or wished to produce. Perfectionism is crippling. I didn't want him to catch it.



Finally, this one is known as "my favourite." The original has unfortunately been damaged, and all that is left is a bad photocopy which utterly failed to capture the amazing shading he had going on in this one, especially in the figure's hat. Unlike most parents, I never really carried baby pictures around with me. Almost every baby on earth is cute and looks funny with soap bubbles on their heads, so one kid is totally indistinguishable from another. So when I want to brag about my son, this is what I pull out. And to contextualise how great he is, I always make sure to say, "He did this when he was *nine years old!* Nine! Can you believe it?! What nine-year old does stuff like this?" And then I sit back all proud while people marvel.

It's hard to say what exactly encourages certain skills in children, so I'm disinclined to take any credit for his talent. The things I will take credit for, however, are providing him not only with constructive criticism, but also-- and perhaps more importantly-- *discerning* praise. It's important to take kids seriously, and beware of stealing their pride with indiscriminate and exaggerated praise for every little thing they do, as if they should only do things for adult approval. Add that I raised him in an anti-Disney, anti-television, anti-colouring book household, and this is, I think quite naturally, what happens.

Paper and a pen, son, sometimes that's the only thing you've got. Find a way to make it all you need and you'll be alright.



Scenes of War (from a child's perspective)





Luisa Mota. "The Trophy Woman" (and she has super powers). Photographs, string and glue.

"**Monsters** are tragic beings; they are born too tall, too strong, too heavy, they are not evil by choice. That is their tragedy" - Ishiro Honda, director of *Godzilla*

"It wasn't the planes. T'was beauty that killed the **beast**" - Carl Denham in *King Kong*

"The sky was blood red and filled with smoke. And through it a **devil** appeared, its face was twisted with rage and hatred. When it was over my parents were gone. I will never forget the wretched cries of the dead..." - Admiral Taizō Tachibana in *Godzilla*

"The **menace** was gone, so was a great man, but the whole world could wake up and live again." - Steve Martin in *Godzilla, King of the Monsters!*



"A great people has been moved to defend a great nation. **Terrorist** attacks can shake the foundations of our biggest buildings, but they cannot touch the foundation of America. These acts shattered steel, but they cannot dent the steel of American resolve. America was targeted for attack because we're the brightest beacon for freedom and opportunity in the world. And no one will keep that light from shining.

Today, our nation saw **evil**, the very worst of human nature."

- George W. Bush in his *Address to the Nation*

Venus is lying in the middle of her snowy garden. She knows I'm here because I saw her staring at me through the gap in the wooden railing. I like it when she looks at me. I pretend not to notice though because it's quite important to play hard to get. Once in a while, she barks at her echo and her tail wags like mad. After a minute she lies back down.

She's white, brown and black. Big and fluffy. She lives in the flat downstairs. Sometimes if you're lucky, she lets you pet her tummy. The fur on her tummy is always softer than on her back. But it gets a bit matted near her lower belly.

When I walk home from school I can hear her barking and I skip and run the rest of the way. Mum told me dogs have a good sense of smell. I must smell strong. She already starts barking when I'm at the top of the road. The closer I get, the louder she barks, but she still can't see me because of the thick hedge. I get to the house and I finally see her at the little gate, guarding her garden. She sees me and stops barking. I walk to her, "You're so sweet Venus! Have you been waiting for me to come home?" I really want to pet her but she turns around briskly and walks away before I reach the gate.

She doesn't care about me as much as I love her. She only wags her tail at adults. Especially the adults that walk her to the field down the road next to the woods. She's probably too old for me. Mum says she doesn't have the energy for my games. When I throw her the ball she doesn't move. So I have to go and fetch it. That's when I remember not to throw so far. Mum always reminds me. Now the ball's reached the woods and I don't like running. When I get back with the ball, Venus is lying down with her head on her paws watching me pant. As I approach she doesn't wag her tail. She doesn't even look up.

At night I pray that Venus will love me one day because I love her so much. I love her more than anyone else could ever love her. If she would just let me love her I would feed her steak and sausages once a week and pet her all day long. She doesn't know what she's missing.

The birds have started chirping. I only hear them chirp on sunny days. I think everybody loves the sun. Venus is lying in the middle of her snowy garden. She knows I'm watching her because I saw her staring at me through the gap in the wooden railing. She barks occasionally at her echo and her tail wags like mad. They talk for a minute then she lies back down.

She's a big Bernese Mountain Dog. White, brown and black. Fluffy. Sometimes if you're lucky she lets you pet her tummy. The fur on her tummy is always softer than on her back. But sometimes it's a bit matted near her lower belly.

She doesn't care about me as much as I love her. She only wags her tail at adults. Especially the adults that walk her to the field down the road next to the woods. She's probably too old for me. Mum says she doesn't have enough energy for my games. When I throw the ball she just looks at me. Then I have to go and fetch it. That's when I remember not to throw it so far. Mum always reminds me. Now, it's reached the woods and I don't like running. I'm not very good at it. When I get back with the ball, Venus is lying down with her head on her paws watching me come to her. When I get to her she doesn't wag her tail and she doesn't even look up.

I wish she loved me.





20.03.2009 C. L. H.

①

I understand a snail has a penis, and a vagina.

This is of concern to me.

-Not the juxtaposition of two such disparate organs
In one body

But the fact that even a snail
Is a close cousin.

It presumably has a digestive tract, a brain,
And an interest in satellite sports stations...

Or is such sophistication
Beyond its scope...?

Are only humans, in the vast universe

Capable of the higher pleasures?

②

Personally, I shall step
With increased caution;
During rainy nights,
On suburban pavements,
For fear I should crush
A fellow sufferer from
The darts of Cupid -

Or a fellow supporter
Of Chelsea Football Club

Ray Blake.

To - change end
of 'snail'

- cut 'Football
Club'

ends

"...~~chelsea~~."

Jo Snarl

chelsea

football club

A special thanks to all the contributors!



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4. Working with us

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Look out for issue 05: the conflict issue